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TO THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

On brothers, on! though the night be gone,
And the morning glory breaking:
Though your toils be blest, ye may not rest,
For danger's ever waking,
Ye have spread your sail, ye have braved the
gale,
And a calm o'er the sea is creeping;
But I know by the sky, that danger's nigh—
There's yet no time for sleeping!

Still dingy walls nurse midnight brawls;
Up from the vale is wreathing
A fatal cloud, the soul to shroud,
While man its poison's breathing.
Still vice is seen in glittering sheen,
In the ruby bubble laughing;
But death his shrine has reared in wine,
And the young blood, he is quaffing.

When the beaker's brim with rust is dim,
Because no lip will press it;
When the worm is dead, which ever fed
On the heart that dared caress it;
When the gay false light of the eyes so bright
Be too true for thoughts to smother;
When the art be lost, hither demon tossed,
And man tempt not his brother—

Then, peaceful and blest, from toil ye may
rest;
Else, rest is but in heaven;—
For shame still lies in sad wet eyes,
Still hearts with woe are riven.
Then brothers, on! though the night be gone,
And the morning glory breaking,
Though your toils be blest, ye may not rest,
For danger, danger's waking!

AGNES CLIFTON OR THE WIFE'S RESOLVE.

BY KATE GLENMORE.

"He blushes for the ignorance of his wife.—
I saw it yesterday as he introduced me to his
friend Gertrude; and with what painful interest
he regarded me throughout the interview, fearing
that her high intellect and quick perception,
would not be long in discovering the deficiency,
which he, alas! feels as sensibly as myself.—
Something must be done. I cannot endure that
the just pride which should so naturally glow
from his bosom, at his own conscious superiority,
should be so often crushed by the inferiority of his
wife. Yet what can I do? I who never had an
original idea in all my life, and who have been
taught to consider accomplishments the sum total
of female education."

Thus mused, or rather soliloquized, Agnes
Clifton. She had been six months married, and

more than six times had she been made to feel,
that though the wife, she was not the companion
of her husband. She had been early left an or-
phan, to the care of one who believed he had con-
scientiously discharged his duty, when he placed,
unimpaired, her ample fortune at her disposal on
her wedding day. The accomplishments of a
fashionable boarding school had perfected the
graces of her person, without maturing one germ
of her naturally strong mind. When will these
institutions become the nurseries of intellect?—
When will young ladies emanate from them fitted
to become the companions of sensible men?—
When will young ladies themselves become con-
vinced that it is more important to lay the founda-
tion of a firm mental structure, than to excel
in those fashionable accomplishments to which
so many devote their exclusive attention?

"Most opportunely arrived, Frank. You
know not what a dilemma your poor cousin is
in."

"Not jealous, I trust, Agnes?"

"No. I am in love; but my idol is so infinite-
ly exalted, I know not even how to approach it."

"In love with what, the latest Parisian fashions,
or Mrs. Dumon's splendid equipage, that yester-
day took so many hearts captive?"

"Neither, Frank. I have absolutely resolved
on better things. I have scarcely thought of the
fashions for a month, and as for Mrs. D.'s equipa-
ge, I did not even know she was sporting a new
one."

"I am glad to hear it, coz, but you always was
an enigma, and now, I must confess, I know not
how to understand you."

"Well, then, to speak plainly, for I mean to be
understood, I am resolved, if this weak heart, and
weaker intellect, is capable of cultivation, to com-
mence at once, if you will tell me how and where
to begin."

"What can have brought you to such a deter-
mination, Agnes? You have always ridiculed
the blue stockings, as you term them, so unmer-
cifully, that I supposed you heartily despised
them."

"So I did as much as I now envy them; but
I have learned to think differently. I had not
been married many weeks before I discovered
that Henry's tastes were decidedly literary.—
He would be so rejoiced when we had an even-
ing to ourselves, that he might read to me from
some favorite author, what I, alas! could neither
understand nor appreciate, and though I strove
hard to be interested for his sake, he would often,
when he looked up to make a remark, find that
his choicest sentiments were wasted on uncon-
scious ears. At first he seemed to excuse it, and
would attribute my bad listening to the fatigue
I experienced from my new cares, and constant
round of excitement which was so long kept up,
but now I believe he takes me for just what I am,
for after chatting kindly with me for a few min-
utes, he will turn to his book, and devour it silent-
ly for the whole evening. And then, when in

the society of his intellectual friends, where the
conversation usually takes a wider range than
the mere fashions or amusements of the day, I
have often seen his brow crimson, and his whole
manner become restless and confused, from my
inability to sustain my part even tolerably. Now,
Frank, I am resolved, if labor and unremitting ap-
plication can make me other than I am, he shall
not have occasion to blush for me long."

"It is a noble resolution, Agnes, and if my as-
sistance can avail you, you may depend upon its
being most cheerfully given."

"A thousand thanks, Frank. Your assistance
will indeed be invaluable, more especially as I do
not intend to impart a knowledge of my plans to
Henry, for if there is any manifest improvement,
he will not be slow to discover it; so by that test
I propose to learn whether my efforts are made
to any purpose."

We will not attempt to follow Agnes through
a course of study, prescribed and pursued with
indefatigable energy.

Month after month passed away, and found her
still intent on this object. Meanwhile her hus-
band had become a candidate for Congressional
honors, and in the exciting arena of a political
contest, he noted not the fiercer contest passing
in the breast of his young wife, a contest between
hope and fear, love and despair. He had learned
to regard her as a mere butterfly of fashion. For
a while her rare personal endowments and ready
wit had captivated his fancy, and like too many
others, he paused not to enquire whether these
chains, which then held him a willing captive,
were strong enough to bide the rust and wear of
daily intercourse.

Gradually, and almost imperceptibly to himself,
had a change crept over his feelings, as day after
day revealed more fully the superficial character
of her acquirements; and, without once bethink-
ing himself that his was the delightful task to cul-
tivate, and to call into exercise those rare intellec-
tual endowments and nobler qualities which he
so much admired in the female character, he
turned from her with a feeling little short of con-
tempt, and left her to the overwhelming convic-
tion of his indifference, and the full consciousness
that it was the result of her own incapacity to re-
tain his affection.

Had he carried but a fractional part of the zeal
which characterized his political pursuits, into his
domestic arrangements, he would have secured
a triumph, which, though it had failed to add the
Honorable to his name, had stamped it deeply
and more firmly upon his character, than the most
closely contested political contest. Let me be-
seech you, ye who are unequally yoked, for many
such there are, ere you turn from the domestic
hearth, leaving crushed and desolate the heart
you have vowed to love and cherish, to arraign
your conduct before the tribunal of your own
heart, and ask yourself, if the laws of nature and
common humanity sanction such a course towards

her, whose only fault consisted in being subjected to a false system of education?

Had Henry Clifton done this, he had spared himself and wife many a heart pang, for he could but have witnessed her untiring application, and as its reward, the gradual development of those faculties he so highly prized, while with her, one grateful allusion to her improvement had more than rewarded all her toil. But he saw it not.—He sought companionship elsewhere, and intent upon the emoluments of office, he had no thought for her whose cheek had grown pale, and heart faint, from toil and anguish.

The election was at length decided in his favor, and flushed with a sense of the importance that would attach itself to his new station, he commenced preparations for his winter's campaign. No allusion was made to Agnes accompanying him, no regret expressed at his leaving her, till one evening a few days before his departure, a friend who was present casually remarked, that he of course took his beautiful wife with him to Washington? Agnes entered the room at the moment, and was stung to the heart, as she saw the scornful expression, which gathered around her husband's mouth, as he prepared to reply, but noticing her presence, he merely said,

"Agnes would hardly feel at home among the intelligent and highly educated circles she would meet there. She will be far happier here, consulting the fashion plates and patronizing the milliners."

That night Agnes sought her pillow with every noble aspiration and high resolve crushed within her heart. For days and weeks she was a mere automaton, then her womanly pride again rallied to the rescue, and she bent her energies, with all the desperation of despair, to a renewal of her task. It was a fearful struggle for one so tenacious in her affections as Agnes. Could she unwind the tendrils of her crushed heart, which clung so firmly to their stronghold, and entwine them with the rank and poisonous weeds which sprung up 'neath the shadow of ambition? It could not be. Her womanly nature must still be her guide. Though she was estranged from her husband's heart, she was still his wife, and she would leave no effort untried to render herself his equal in the most exalted point of view.

Thus she found a solace for her wounded heart, and grew cheerful and full of hope from the conscious purity of her own motives. Thus in the beautiful language of one who was familiar with sorrow,

"Strength is born in the deep silence of long suffering hearts."

She familiarized herself with the early history of mankind, both sacred and profane. She took up the great chain and examined it link by link, from the remotest ages of antiquity down to the present time. It may emphatically be said, she left no stone unturned. She studied philosophy with Locke and Bacon, she roamed delighted through the mazy fields of science, and chanted with exultation the classic lays of Ovid, and solved, with the nicest precision, the most difficult problems of Euclid.

Thus while her husband was gaining fresh laurels in the halls of Congress, she was striving, neglected and alone, save the generous assistance of her cousin Frank, to lay, firm and deep, the foundation of the superstructure, which, at the proper time and place, had been so neglected. How much easier had been the task, had it been commenced in childhood, grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength? Think of it, ye who are charged with the education of the young, and ponder well the responsibilities which devolve upon you. How many are there in this our land, who sustain the relation of wives and mothers, without one single idea respecting the importance and sacredness of that relation, or being capable of reducing to a system even the minor transactions of life! How much less, of guiding and directing aright the wayward aspirations of childhood, or contributing to the enduring happiness of a companion in life. And why is

this? Is it to be attributed to mental incapacity? A New England woman will hardly admit that. May it not rather be charged to their instructors, who neglected to adopt a system which would call into exercise and develop the energies of the mind?

With Mrs. Clifton it was most assuredly so, as the result of her self education will prove. Had she lacked the moral courage to commence the task, which at first seemed so formidable, she would have groped her way through life, in an intellectual darkness, casting its shadow over her social and domestic circle, and embittering the purest enjoyments of her life.

She not only gathered knowledge from the productions of others, but it was collected and arranged in the vast storehouse of the memory, side by side with the mature reflections and unprejudiced conclusions of her own well balanced mind. And she not only thought much, but she wrote much, while now and then the offspring of her genius found their way into the literary world, where the name and acknowledged talents of the fair authoress became a matter of speculation even among the members of the halls of Congress, where her own husband became one of her warmest and enthusiastic supporters. Curiosity was on tiptoe, and debate, and conjecture and vague speculation were afloat; but amid all no one could discover the identity of the fair authoress, if fair she was. Some even doubted the productions coming from a female pen, while not a few of literary celebrity would have proudly acknowledged them as their own.

The gay world wondered much at Agnes Clifton's withdrawal from their circle, and her more intimate friends shook their heads with portentous meaning, as they marked the color gradually fading from her cheeks, and her form growing still more slender and attenuated.

Where were the joyous spirits with which she was wont to greet them in former times—the ready jest and repartee which made her such a favorite with all? 'Tis true, her quiet dignity of character became her quite as well; but it was so unlike herself, and so much of her time was spent in solitude, they were sure she must be suffering from disease, for no other cause could affect so great a change. Others said she pined for her husband's continued absence, for most of his time was spent abroad.

When not employed in his congressional duties, others of political import called him from home, for he was fast increasing in consequence and popularity, both in his own opinion and that of the public; consequently he had less time than ever to notice his wife's appearance. Sometimes, it is true, he marked that her cheek was very pale, but she never complained, and every duty was discharged with unvarying promptness and alacrity; so with her presence it passed from his mind, and amid his all-engrossing pursuits he found few leisure moments to devote to her whose soul was sinking within her under a sense of continued neglect and indifference.

His congressional term of years was fast drawing to a close, and Agnes was waiting with womanly impatience to welcome him home, for, despite his coldness, she loved him still. It was some thing to enjoy his presence, to minister to his wants, to sit in the same room and listen to the tones of his voice, even though he was so wholly engrossed with others, as not to note her presence.

In justice to Henry Clifton, let it be said, that he was never intentionally unkind. He was too gentlemanly, possessed to nice a sense of honor, to speak or conduct himself with harshness towards any female. Mrs. C. was treated with the same civility and respect he extended to all, and a common observer would have found no ground for a reasonable woman to complain. It is for a wife to distinguish between attentions prompted by common civility and affection. The chilling formality of society, when continually addressed towards her by her husband, falls upon the heart like the frost of perpetual winter.

Agnes' whole system, worn down and enfeebled by long continued intellectual exertion, scarce able to endure the alternate hopes and fears which his anticipated presence called forth. Would not her efforts be appreciated, or was she doomed to perpetual isolation from her husband's heart, for this fault of her early years? She shrunk from loading her acquisitions upon him, or exhibiting to him the proofs of her hard-earned knowledge. She must wait the result, committing all to him on whom she had learned to lean for strength.

It was a few days after his arrival when a select circle of literary friends were gathered round him in his own pleasant drawing-rooms—where every thing was arranged with its accustomed taste and order—that the claims of the new authoress, to public favor, were introduced and discussed. Most present expressed themselves strongly in favor of those claims while some expressed their surprise that one who had evidently thought so deeply and so well, and could write so ably, should thus choose to shroud herself in mystery; to which Mr. Clifton warmly replied that he considered that one of the strongest proofs that could be adduced of her refinement and delicacy of mind.

"I can scarcely imagine how a woman of refinement and delicacy can thrust herself before the public, subject to the heartless criticism and contempt which a woman is almost sure to meet, when she attempts to reform any important error in society. The work on female education, which has been so ably written by this unknown, must and will doubtless, effect much good, but it cannot fail to draw down upon her the obloquy of a certain class of society, whose principles and prejudices are so warmly opposed. For one, I should esteem, and I might say love, a woman all the better, who thus shrinks from public exhibition of herself."

Agnes heard all this with a palpitating heart. The warmest encomiums which the press and public had united in bestowing upon her labors, were nothing compared with this simple tribute of admiration from the lips of her husband.

She longed to tell him all; how she had toiled and wept, and still toiled on, to render herself worthy his affection—to throw herself on his bosom, and there vent the pent up feelings of years.

We will not pretend to say that Mr. Clifton had never experienced misgivings with respect to his course of conduct towards his wife; but he was first aroused to a serious and effectual consideration of the matter, when she was prostrate by disease, and the lamp of life had waned so low that the gentlest zephyr might extinguish it. He stood by her bed-side and witnessed her grief. He heard her calling upon him in the most imploring accents, beseeching him not to cast her from his heart forever, and she would be worthy his affection; she would become any thing for him, if he would but smile upon her as in former times. Then she would weep over his neglect while she told of the laurels she had tried so hard to win—how she had toiled and prayed that yet she might become the wife in deed as well as name.

He heard all this while she was laboring under the delirium of a brain fever, and it pierced like a two-edged dagger through his heart. How had he fulfilled his marriage covenant? How had he loved and cherished her who had never unwittingly offended him? What return had he made for all her self-sacrificing devotion? Alas! coldness and neglect had been the only requital; and now, he feared, it was too late to seek even her pardon.

He watched in vain, through long days and weary nights, for one ray of reason, that he might implore forgiveness, scarcely leaving her bedside for a moment, lest that moment of absence might deprive him of the privilege forever. But a constitution triumphed, and the repentant husband rejoiced in the prospect of atoning by future assiduity for past neglect.

...a wife was restored to him every day in intellectual attainments. She was in a state of delirium, of toil and study, but he was of the heights and depths which she scanned. Yet he received her joyfully, with deep gratitude to God that she had not been permitted to go down to the grave a broken-hearted wife.

The happiness he felt, as he led her a bride to the altar six years before, was small, compared with that he experienced as he led her, weak and trembling from her sick room, for the first time to breathe the pure air of heaven. His tears attested his heart-felt penitence and gratitude, as he besought pardon for all the suffering he had caused her, and united with her in returning thanks to Heaven for her spiritual re-union.

We leave it to the reader to fill up, by his own imagination, the measure of happiness when all was disclosed to him; or the rich reward which Agnes realized of all her labors, in the full fruition of happiness with which her cup was now filled. Henceforth she was a "bright particular star" in the literary world, as well as the presiding genius of a domestic paradise.

WOMEN GOING OUT ALONE.

We learn from "The Home Journal's" "Town Gossip for the Country," that the fashionable public of New York have been thrown into a state of excitement about where a lady may or may not go unattended by a gentleman. We give the Journal's own account of the origin of the matter.

"A wealthy foreigner, a man of rank, who is on a visit to this country, and staying at one of our hotels, feeling disinclined to go to the play, his lady, who wished to go, did what she might have done in Europe—took her dressing-maid and went without him. Her coachman purchased the tickets at the box office, but, on the presentation of these, by the Countess and her maid, the door-keeper refused admittance. He had instructions to pass no un-endorsed angels—no ladies, unless made respectable by the company of gentlemen—at that entrance of the house.

"This amusing refusal to admit the only titled auditor of the evening, on scruples of respectability, set the up-town philosophy to speculating upon its first principles."

The Journal asks the following pertinent questions on the subject:

"In a free republic, and in these enlightened days, should a lady be such a mere shadow as to be able to go no where without a gentleman?—How far is this slavery advisable? Should not Fashionable Society take the lead in disenthraling the sex—no less from inconvenient restraints than from being a needless burthen to friends, brothers and husbands? In a land where women are more honored, and better protected, than in any land on earth, should there not be a national etiquette giving them the freedom and safety of Moore's lady with the snow-white wand?"

Mrs. Swisshelm copies the above, and adds:

Our opinion on the subject is, that respectable women can respectably go to all respectable places alone, or attended, as suits her convenience. She can travel from Maine to Georgia and back again, in all manner of public or private conveyances, stop at hotels, visit museums, schools, colleges, asylums, libraries, and what not—can go to any kind of church, lectures, concerts, and manifold exhibitions. The fact that she may not go to a theatre, only shows it is not respectable place. The managers and audience must have a kind of unexpressed or tacit understanding amongst them, that attendance there renders a woman liable to suspicion; and makes it necessary she should carry a certificate of good behaviour in the form of a male escort. For our own part we would not frequent any place where woman could not go unattended; for we should take it as an indubitable token that the place itself was not respectable.

In the same chapter of Gossip, Willis informs us that.

"Of late, it is not considered *Fifth-Avenueable* (respectable) for an unmarried young lady to ride unattended in an omnibus—nor to be seen in Broadway without a carriage or servant—nor to go unchaperoned to the play with a young gentleman."

Dear me! We may soon expect the *State of Refinement* to apply for admission into the Union, and it will be no use attempting to apply Wilnot provisoes to her. If she comes, come she must shackle, slaves and all.

We find the following in a late number of the Saturday Visitor. Mrs. Swisshelm does use up such chaps as that Mirror man so nicely! Hear her:

UNREASONABLE.

The New York Mirror rails at the Worcester Convention, and exclaims in a frenzy:

"Her offices are those of wife, mother, daughter, sister, friend. Good God! can they not be content with these!"

What unreasonable creatures these women are; but sorry to say the men folk have set them a bad example. His offices are those of a husband, father, son, brother, friend. Goodness gracious! can they not be content with these? Don't we let them wear whiskers and cultivate moustaches—look "divine" and often killing?—Hav'n't we given them leave to wear straps on their pantaloons and wadding in their vests, to improve their plumpness? Don't we make them false bosoms, plaited, starched and ironed, until they are as ribbed and stiff and smooth as the platform of a railroad station, with its innumerable tracks? Don't we allow them to wear white kid gloves, satin vests of the same color, rings, breastpins and chains? Don't we permit them to carry fans and parasols, and make themselves generally useful; and don't we listen to their declarations and say, "O, la! Now, Mr. Smith! I declare!" Hav'n't we encouraged the pretty darlings to utter soft nothings of mornings, when the parlor blinds are down; and hav'n't our hearts gone into a delightful flutter, to respond to the pit-pat knocking inside the wadded vests? and yet the pretty dears are not content to make love and dress, the sole objects of their lives!—Why will they tangle their whiskers, soil their hands, and tarnish their boots, dabbling and wading in politics, law and learning? What occasion can any of them have to vote himself a firm when he has a wife? Why should they covet the legal power to protect their lives and property, or want remuneration for their labor? Are they not husbands, fathers, sons, brothers?—What use can they have for bread and butter, beef and potatoes, when they fill all the endearing relations of life? The old colonists were a pretty set of numbskulls to object to the principle of taxation without representation! They were husbands and fathers, and sons and brothers; but still they must needs aspire to be legislators also—to be their own law-makers over and above and into the bargain to the other great rights already enjoyed.

The women of the present day appear to be following their example, and this Mirror man is distressed about it. But he has not enumerated nearly all the rights they now enjoy, for in addition to being "wives, mothers, daughters, sisters and friends," they are *tax-payers*—sufferers by unjust or unwise laws—contributors to the general wealth, laborers in the common field. They spin and weave, and sew and wash, and reap, and rake, and dig, and hoe; and every one of them we ever knew had a habit of eating food and wearing clothes. Government has not denied them this right, but has added the privilege of paying duty to the Custom house for almost every article so eaten and worn; and yet the ungrateful jades are not content!

If we were in Mr. Mirror's place, we should not suffer them to be wives, mothers, daughters

and sisters any longer. He should exclude them from these privileges, and claim them for himself, as confiscated goods.

We move that the editor of the New York Mirror be entitled to the honors and emoluments of any woman of his acquaintance who has forfeited the same by showing discontent with her lot, and that he be, and hereby is, installed wife, mother, daughter, sister and friend to all and sundry individuals to whom she may have filled the like relations. Let other and similar confiscations be made in behalf of all the gallant fellows who are doing the State good service, by laboring to suppress the female insurrection; and the vineyard will surely not lack laborers.

Written for the Lily.

Free Schools.

Our State has saved her credit by once more declaring herself in favor of Free Schools. Yes, in spite of the selfish votes of many rich men, the law still stands. It is right—it is Christian, that the rich help the poor; that the State see that all its citizens, those who create its wealth, and those who defend it in times of danger, shall enjoy the blessings of education in times of prosperity and peace.

And now let us go to work and make our Schools what they should be. It is not *all*, that we have a school house, a certain number of children, and a stick in the centre called a teacher. We must have teachers indeed, with great heads and hearts; original, thinking beings, capable of grasping an idea, and with clearness and force imparting it to another. Most of our Schools now are nothing but so many humbugs—forms of words, words, words. Our children are taught like so many parrots in their cages, and "Pretty Poll" has about as vivid an idea of the application of this name, as have our young geographers of States and cities, oceans and bays. The fact is, our teachers themselves must be taught—the machinery of their own minds must be set in motion. They must cut loose from all old moorings and strike out a new path altogether. Our fore-teachers did well enough for their day—seven or eight pages all committed to memory for one lesson, was a great performance in the last century. But, parents in 1850 should prefer one idea put into a child's head to all this. Now, teachers, is it asking too much of you, to give our children one new idea in each revolution of the earth? This would be some compensation for the foul atmosphere they are forced to breathe through the six long hours custom requires they be shut up, seated in rows on high benches, like so many young chickens at roost.

I wonder if the ghosts of all departed pedagogues would return to earth to protest against the innovation, if the air of our school rooms should be kept pure and elastic; if when the children are restless and uneasy, instead of twitching their hair and ears, and thumping their heads, they should be sent out to run in the air a few minutes; if instead of one short recess in one session they should have five or ten minutes in each hour, and if the teachers should refuse to follow the books, and adapt their language to the understanding of a child. I appeal to an intelligent public, if it would not be far better to ask a boy seven years of age, "What do the people eat in North America?" than, "On what do the inhabitants of North America subsist?" Why use Latin derivatives to puzzle children, when we have good Saxon words to express all our ideas. In hearing a boy say his Geography lesson a few evenings since, I asked him what he meant by the *inhabitants* of North America, he said "the bears." Would not the Saxon word *people*, convey a more definite idea to a child's mind? *E. C. S.*

Some pleasures, like the horizon, recede perpetually as we advance towards them; others, like butterflies, are crushed by being caught.

THE CRICKET'S SONG.

We always did love to hear the cricket sing, especially of an evening when the fire on the hearth sent a cheerful light to the far corners of the well swept floor, and danced to and fro among the shadows on the wall. Flannel petticoats and woolen hose, eaten to tatters, could never cure us of our liking for the cricket. It might eat holes in our wardrobe, and its chirp, chirp—sweeter than piano or guitar—would echo melody in our heart while our needle repaired its mischief. But it was of the cricket's social influence that we wished to speak—of its teachings touching the unity of the domestic relations, as we have heard them in its evening chaunt.

"Peggy, the kind, good Peggy, who bears with us the burdens and mishaps of the kitchen, and whose 'let me do it' does more to string unstrung nerves and chase the blues, than syrups and opiates—Peggy is listening with us to the cricket's chirp.

"Yes ma'am, it's a pleasant sound. The crickets used to sing just so in Ireland. I like it better now, for it brings my mother and my sisters all round me and sings of home." Yes, the cricket sings of home to the wanderer—brings its mirth and its music and its lovelight to the stranger that sojourns with us for a few weeks or months or years, bound to us by mutual necessities only! And did God endow the cricket for the beautiful mission of home affection? Has Omnipotence provided the little cricket to waken sweet memories of mutual love, mutual interest and mutual hopes in the weary, yearning heart? Ah, indeed; and how is it that human hearts fail to sing the cricket's song by their firesides? How is it that the little musician, concealed in the wall, should alone bring home to the heart of the servant girl, who—her labor ended—sits solitary by the kitchen fire, while those for whom she toils, and with whom her hopes of improvement in knowledge and virtue are for the time being associated, sit together enjoying the evening hours with books and talk which would elevate her aims and prepare her to occupy a higher position of usefulness and happiness in the future. The cricket!—ah, who wouldn't be the cricket of the chimney corner to waken the sweet affections and kindle that love-light in the hearts of home which shines out into life's outer circles, softening and beautifying its shadows till the world seems a home of sweet affinities and glorious action! "But it is not genteel. My aristocratic neighbors would leave me to associate with servants and laborers did I admit my hired help to my table and my sitting-room fireside." And what a loss you would suffer! Why, my sister, you would save all the time spent in ceremonious visiting and the anxiety and money expended in keeping up fashionable appearances; and for company you could choose the aristocracy of which the blessed Son of God is the founder and pattern, and the whole-hearted and intelligent will come to you in books and sit with you at your ease in a plain room, in a plain dress and at any hour you choose. And when you bow them out, your soul will spring forth to your duties, like a man from a wholesome meal to which he had sat down faint and hungry. And is it not worth while to drop the seeds of knowledge and virtue and content in the souls with which your own comes in contact, that when they go out into the world the influence which they exert shall be greater and better for the means of improvement to which they were made welcome in your family circle? Do you reflect that the young women who aid you in your household labors are destined, by the circumstances of our free institutions, to become the wives and mothers of free men who will stand side by side with your sons at the ballot box and in the legislative councils? And would you not rejoice to be gratefully remembered by the future mothers of intelligent families, as having communicated to them of your ability to discharge their high responsibilities?

But there was a note in the cricket's song which our inexperienced ear had not before taken

in;—strange that it had not! Though some of our friends may not admire the music—it will wear well nevertheless, and be more popular with the more thoughtful. The cricket sang to the wife, the mother, and the mistress, of the wrongs of her sex, and accused her of degrading it in her own household, inasmuch as she seats at her table and by her sitting room fire, the young men in her husband's employ, while the young women who labor with herself and daughters for the comfort of the family, eat and sit by themselves. The cricket sung loud and clear, "O, woman, are the peculiar duties of that home which is woman's sphere, so degrading that only relationship of the tenderest kind can overlook the reproach and permit women who engage in domestic employments to sit at table, and in their leisure hours be associated with the merchants, mechanics, farmers and brain workers of the other sex?"

The cricket was right. It is you, my sisters, who are responsible for the first step in righting the wrongs of woman. It is you who are to treat your own sex as sisters and daughters by your sympathy and care; and while you give to men no less of your respect and sympathy, let the "sound of home" in the cricket's song, admonish you to give to your own sex—especially to those who are associated with you in your duties and labors—full measure and running over.

It is not meet that we should take into our houses any person not fit to share in the sympathy and intelligent care of its inmates, and to mingle in its quiet enjoyments when pastime is proper. True, if any one need wait at table or be absent from the board, our help will feel it is their place and not the mistresses'; and the service will be cheerfully rendered, the more so that it is a necessary duty and not a conventional form. It is the spirit in which the family relations are maintained of which the cricket sung. Those who leave their homes to labor with us in our homes, should be free to the sources of improvement and enjoyment which are the bond and hope of the home circle. [Mrs. Nichols.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WOMEN.—Mr. D. W. Bartlett writing for the *New Englander* upon "England and the English," says that the English people are more healthy and robust than are the people of this country. He ascribes it to the coolness and quiet manner with which the people engage in their business—the fact that they take more exercise in the open air, and eat longer at their meals, they being from one to two hours at the table while we eat our meals in almost twenty minutes.

He thus describes the difference between the women of the two countries:

The English ladies and the American form a still more striking contrast than the gentlemen.

Of our city women, how many are there in refined circles that could walk a couple of miles in the open air without excessive fatigue? How many white, lily-pale faces do we have! how many poor, trembling frames! how many young creatures reclining in easy carriages, with not enough of nervous energy to enable them to act with decent courage upon an occasion that requires that quality! In England, one is astonished to see the almost perfect health of the women and children. The former are of splendid frames, with full busts, rich and rosy cheeks, excellent muscular powers, and strong qualities of mind.—Some whimpering fools affect to call them coarse, just as if health were not refined and illness were delicate! Natural beauty is the only species of beauty which a true lover of refinement can admire. The miserable, neglected creature who from want of air and rest and proper food, is snow-white and thin and airy in her physical structure, is no more beautiful than is a magnetized corpse. It is false refinement that makes it indelicate to appear in a full flow of health. It would be just as proper to stamp with vulgarity all God's beautiful streams and mountains and Niagara's and call beautiful in their stead some oil-paintings of our own contrivance and invention!

The English women are healthy of course, in mind. Sickly sentimentality, a "rose-water philanthropy," which itself over French romances and artifices, has no lot nor portion in their character. They are women. And their children are worthy of them, for they are red-cheeked, of stout muscles and nimble gait, of fine health and appetite. The reason of all this is, that the English women exercise more in the open air than our women do. An English lady of refinement thinks nothing of walking a half-dozen miles, nothing of riding on horse-back for twenty, nothing of a leaping on the back of a trusty animal, hedges and ditches in pursuit of game! I remember of once being at William and Mary Howitt's when some one proposed that we should make a little family visit to Epping Forest, distant some four or five miles. The thought never entered into my head that they proposed going on foot, and as we crossed the threshold of the door, I was expecting the next moment to help the two ladies who were of our party in the carriage. But I saw no carriage, and when I asked where was the carriage, I got for a reply. "We are going on foot—of course!" And so we walked all the way there, and rambled all the day long over the beautiful forest, and at night walked back to "The Elms," and I kept looking at the ladies while we were returning, expecting to see them faint away; and finally, when we all sat down on some green sward for a moment, I ventured very quietly to ask one of them, "Are you not very tired?" I got for a reply a merry ringing laugh, and a "To be sure not; I could walk a half-dozen miles farther yet!" When I got home I was so fatigued as to be unable to stand without great pain and trouble, and was obliged to acknowledge that the English ladies were my superiors in physical powers of endurance. I saw at once the secret of their glorious health, their buoyancy and full flow of spirits. It was their habits of exercise out-of-doors.

I was once conversing with an English lady, who was nearly eighty years old.—the mother of a distinguished writer.—upon this capital habit of walking which the ladies of England have, when she broke forth with, "When I was a young woman, and in the country, I used to walk ten miles to church of a Sunday morning and back again after service!" Another cause of the brilliant health of English women is their natural love for floriculture. An English lady is at home in her garden among the flowers, and I know of no more beautiful sight in the world than that of a fair, open-browed, rosy-cheeked woman among a garden full of choice plants and gorgeous flowers. Talk of your merry creatures in ball-rooms "by the light of a chandelier"—to the *marines*!—Here is beauty for you fresh from God's hand and Nature's!—here are human flowers and those of Nature blooming together!

Honest industry is always rewarded. No young man need complain of being kept poor, if he rolls up his sleeves and goes cheerfully to work. When you see a man sneaking through the alleys for his meals, for fear of meeting some of his lady acquaintances in his working clothes, you may be sure he will not amount to much.

A gentleman bought a couple of tickets for Jenny Lind's Concert for ten dollars, and presented them to his wife. She, like a sensible woman, disposed of them to a neighbor, and with the proceeds paid the bill of the butcher and the milkman, and had two dollars left to buy shoes for the children.

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

You may expect friends if you deserve them and enemies whether you deserve them or not.

THE LILY.

ANNE L. BLOOMER, Editor.

DECEMBER, 1850.

TERMS OF THE LILY FOR 1851.

One copy—one year	\$0.50.
Five copies " "	2.00.
Eleven " "	4.00.

The above terms will in no case be departed from. The very low price at which we have heretofore offered our paper to clubs has brought us many subscribers and but little money. We feel that it is worth the price asked for it, if worth anything, and we certainly cannot afford it any lower. The sum is small for each one to pay, and we earnestly hope that our friends will each, and all, do what they can to furnish us with a good list of subscribers at the above rates.

A FEW WORDS WITH OUR READERS.

Our printers are calling for copy while we are yet undecided—yet hesitating what to do with our paper. This number completes the second volume of the Lily, and as you are already aware, we have thought strongly of retiring from our editorial labors with the close of the year.—We are unwilling to let the paper stop, and would gladly yield it into other hands; but can find no one willing to assume its cares and responsibilities—at least no woman, and we cannot consent to yield it to man's control. We have several times taken up our pen to bid you adieu, but ere the word was traced, Mrs. Swisshelm's warning, "don't you do it, Mrs. Bloomer—if you do you will rue it—mind," has rung in our ears, and our pen has refused to trace the "good bye" which trembled on our lips. Though a source of great care, anxiety, and sometimes mortification, our little sheet is endeared to us by many ties. We cannot bear the thought of separation, yet would fain shrink from the duties and responsibilities connected with it. Great praise has been bestowed upon us for having so successfully and so well, sustained an enterprise which many of stronger nerve would shrink from; and it is these encomiums—whether deserved or not—that have enabled us to bear up under the many cares which attend it. We have labored to do good, and feel that we have in a measure been successful. Our little sheet has found a welcome in many circles where no other temperance paper would be tolerated, and thus aroused the attention of many who were indifferent as to the great evils of intemperance. And while our opinions, and those of our correspondents on the so called question of "woman's rights" may have been distasteful to some, we know that they have waked an echo in many hearts, and been an incentive to higher purposes, and nobler resolves.

Our friends—the friends of the Lily, say it must not stop. We consult their wishes more than our own convenience in announcing—as we now do—that the publication will be continued another year. It remains for you, friends, to say whether we shall "rue" having made this decision. We are obliged to depend very much upon your voluntary agency in procuring subscribers.

You have laid us under many obligations heretofore, and we confidently hope that you will continue these favors; and hold up our hands while we labor to furnish a paper which will be to you a source of both pleasure and profit.

"SPINNING STREET YARN."

Physicians who have written on the subject, and lecturers on physiology, unite in saying that men and women are similarly constituted—that each possesses flesh, blood, and nerves, and each requires the same aids to the preservation of life and health. Fresh air and out door exercise, they say, is absolutely necessary to promote the latter—and this is needed by woman as well as man. But how stands the case by the decree of refined public sentiment? Where is the man who would be willing to confine himself within doors for days, and weeks, and even months and when he did now and then venture beyond the limits of his own door-yard, be obliged to measure his steps, and walk as if he were going to a funeral, lest he might not be thought refined, or appear genteel. No man in health could endure such a life. Even though his work be within doors, he has generally to walk some distance to and from it—and this walk he has four times a day. Others labor the whole time out of doors. And even idlers who have no other employment than hanging around the doors of grogeries, or sitting on boxes on the side walk, have their daily walks, and while sitting have the benefit of fresh air.

How is it with women? Many of them are confined all day to the kitchen and nursery, where they perform a regular round of duties, and at a late hour of the night unrefreshed and uninvigorated, lay their care-worn and weary bodies to rest. Others who have more leisure to enjoy the health-giving exercise of walking, are restrained from appearing often in the street lest people may talk about it. Custom has made a kind of house fixture of woman, and if she so far brave public opinion as to go abroad two or three days in succession, she has some how got out of her place; and the cry is at once raised "she is spinning street yarn"—"she is a perfect gadder"—"she better stay at home and tend to her work," &c., and straightway she is made a subject for ridicule and censure. Of this she is aware, and shrinks from incurring it. So she houses herself up, in hot, unventilated rooms, lounges on the sofa or bends over her sewing—eats rich stimulating food, and drinks tea and coffee, till finally her nervous system gives way, and a train of evils follow. She becomes weak and languid, incapable of doing aught that requires effort—shrinking from every difficulty, and fainting at sight of a shadow. Thus the women of this country live; and is it a matter for wonder that they are unhealthy, or that they produce unhealthy offspring? Our word for it, if women and young misses could enjoy the same benefit of out door exercise and fresh air, as do men and boys, they would soon be invigorated with new life, and we should see no more of the pale, sickly, nervous, delicate wives and mothers which are now so common, to the great sorrow and wonderment of man.

We would not have women in the street all the time, to the neglect of home duties; but we would that all might take a daily walk of two or

three miles even if some house cleaning or some garment were left unfinished, or a plain dinner got up in consequence; and themselves and families would be greatly the gainers thereby. At any rate, we insist upon woman's right to go out when and as often as she pleases, provided she does not neglect necessary duties at home; and we protest against her being made the subject of remark and censure for so doing.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—We are glad to learn that the difficulties which have for sometime existed among the members of this numerous branch of the great Temperance Army, have been placed in the train of amicable adjustment. We learn by the papers that the state has been, or is to be divided into two grand districts each working under and having its own Grand Division, Officers, &c. Henceforth it is earnestly to be hoped that there will exist no other rivalry between the city and country members, or rather between the eastern and western sections of the State, than the noble one of which shall do most to advance the glorious principles of Temperance, Purity and Love, as embodied and advocated in the order of the Sons of Temperance. That order has enough to do to fight the common enemy without wasting its energies in intestine differences; and all occasion for these being now removed we shall look with undoubting faith for greater triumphs over the monster Intemperance than it has ever before achieved.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN PENNSYLVANIA,

We feel that an appeal for support is scarcely necessary. There are many choice spirits among them as we have good reason to know—who are firm and unflinching laborers in the temperance field, and who claim and advocate a broad sphere of action for woman. While many have been dismayed and disheartened by defeat, they have nobly stood their ground, ever ready to enter with new zeal into the contest. It is with feelings of pride and thankfulness that we point to them as examples worthy of imitation. We feel confident that the kindness and support tendered to us while we were yet strangers, will not be withdrawn now that we are better acquainted.

☞ We shall continue to send the Lily to our village subscribers unless ordered otherwise, which we hope will in no instance be the case. Rather let each one endeavor to furnish us with a new name in addition to their own, that we may be cheered with a greatly increased list in our own village.

☞ To those friends abroad who so kindly aided us in procuring subscribers the past year, we look for a continuance of such favors. We earnestly hope that they will again respond to our call, and endeavor to send us the names of all our present subscribers and as many more if possible.

☞ We understand that petitions from eight states will be presented to their several legislatures the present winter, praying that the right of suffrage may be granted to women! Really the leaders in this movement are in earnest, and neither fear nor ridicule will drive them from their purpose. We shall watch their progress with much interest.

NEW LICENSE LAW IN CANADA.

The Canadian Parliament, at its last session passed a law "for the more effectual prevention of intemperance." The power to grant certificates for license to sell spirituous or malt liquors is vested in the senior magistrate, senior officer of the militia, and the church of the parish, at a special meeting, held in April, of which "due notice shall be given at the church door after divine service," &c. Second, no such certificate shall be granted unless the applicant produces a requisition signed by the majority of the electors in this municipality that a tavern is necessary at the place stated. Third, he must prove that he is worth £150 in currency, (\$600.) free of all incumbrances, and give bonds in £50 to be of good behavior, and produce the certificate of two justices, or ten municipal electors "that he enjoys an unblemished reputation and is not addicted to drink." If any person shall become intoxicated in any inn or tavern, and while in that state shall commit suicide, or come to his death by drowning, or perish from cold or any other accident, the keeper of the inn, &c., who suffered him to get intoxicated therein, shall be liable to not less than two nor more than six months' imprisonment, and a fine of £25 to £100, the pecuniary portion to be paid to such of the "heirs, legal representative or surviving relatives of the deceased, as the court may consider to be most in need or deserving of the same." No person not "licensed to keep a temperance hotel, or as an apothecary, shall vend or retail any description of liquor known as a temperance drink, such as spruce beer, sarsaparilla, raspberry vinegar, ginger beer, essence or juice of lemons or oranges, or lemonade, under a penalty of £10," &c.

How strange, when men admit that the use of spirituous liquors is attended with so much danger as to require such strict laws to regulate the traffic, that they cannot see that to prohibit it entirely and at once, under severe penalties for violation, would prevent all danger and save the trouble of further legislation. The requiring a certificate of good moral character from a liquor vender, and making him liable for damages, is, simply, all fudge. Money cannot restore life, or heal the many hearts made desolate and wretched by his fiendish acts; and it is impossible for a man to engage in the immoral business of manufacturing drunkards, criminals and paupers, and yet sustain a good moral character.

We like the idea of bringing this matter into the church; though we perceive some of our editorial brethren are shocked at it. If the traffic in intoxicating drinks is approved of, and sustained by a christian community, we see not wherein it is wrong for the church to grant to certain of its members who can produce certificates of good moral character, the privilege of making others of its members drunk according to law. If the church can wink at such iniquity, nor raise a voice of warning when practiced by others, it surely is no worse for it to have the power of appointing whom it may approve for this business. One good thing, would, we think, result from investing such power in the church; it would rouse people from their indifference to the subject and cause them to pause before incurring the awful responsibility of placing a bloody weapon in the hand of a brother, and bidding him go forth to slay and destroy.

If the traffic must continue, it would be well if a law similar to the above could be passed by our legislature.

We think many of our rum-sellers would find it difficult to comply with its requisitions.

BARLEY vs. WHEAT.

A friend remarked in our hearing the other day, on looking over the market reports of the previous evening, as reported by telegraph, that Barley was selling at over a dollar a bushel—nearly as much, he said, as Wheat—and he added, "this shows how much more men are willing to pay for what they drink than what they eat."—The remark was to us a new and startling one.—We knew, it is true, that Barley was used chiefly as the product from which Whiskey is manufactured, while we knew also that wheat was the great staple food of the country; but we had always supposed that the market prices of the latter greatly exceeded the former; and so on enquiry we have found it generally to have done.—But latterly, we are told this disparity in prices has been greatly diminished, and Barley now commands in the market a price almost as high as Wheat—the great staple product of the country, as it is also the principle article of food. And why this change? Why has Barley been augmented so greatly in value within the past year or two? The ready answer is, that the demand for it has greatly increased, while the amount offered in market has not kept pace with the demand. And whence arises this increased demand? Is it because our people prefer barley to wheat, Indian corn &c., as an article of food? Not at all! Barley is wanted for the purpose of being manufactured into Whiskey, and for this alone; and the greatly increased and increasing demand for Whiskey induces those who are engaged in producing it, to offer increased prices for Barley, Corn, Rye, &c., of which it is made.

From these facts it is plain that there is a great increase in the demand for, and consumption of, intoxicating drinks. Wheat has been and is depressed in price, while Barley has proportionably advanced. People are more willing to pay for what they drink, than for what they eat. Yes, thousands in this land of ours, are more anxious to procure alcoholic drinks in abundant quantities, and to gratify their own depraved and besotted appetites, than they are to procure wholesome and nutritious food for themselves and their families. Can there be anything more humbling to our pride as a nation, more shocking to our moral and religious perception than this? Barley supplanting Wheat! Whiskey commanding a better and a readier sale than Flour! It furnishes an evidence, strong and irresistible, that Intemperance is rapidly on the increase in our country, and that greater quantities of intoxicating drinks are now used than ever before.—Well may we ask, in view of all this, to what are these things leading us, and whither are we tending?

"WOMEN AT WORK!"—The women of Cincinnati are earnestly at work in the temperance cause. They aim to have the power of granting licences for the sale of intoxicating drinks, left out of their New Constitution. God grant they may succeed in this great undertaking! Yet we fear they will not. Men have little regard for women who come before the public with claims for protection, and generally treat them with neglect or open insult and ridicule. We earnestly hope these women will not waver in their purpose, or leave any means untried to accomplish so praiseworthy an object.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OSWEGO, Nov. 18, 1846.

MY DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—I have received the last two numbers of your excellent paper from some unknown hand. Am I right in supposing they were sent by yourself? If so will you accept my thanks. And allow me to add that I feel proud of one of my sex who dares in this day and age to assert her intellectual equality with the sterner sex; and to congratulate you upon the fearless and able manner with which you support the claims of woman. Yet I must be permitted to say that I think you and others mistake the true dignity of female character in calling so peremptorily for the right of suffrage, and admittance to the learned professions. Like yourself I contend that females should receive nearly the same education, physically and intellectually, as males. Then let them become teachers—let them wield the pen—and that they can do it, and ably, does not now remain to be proved—and let them practice as physicians among their own sex. That, I consider a proper and desirable sphere for female effort. But let them beware how they so far denude them of the delicacy which covers the female character as a garment, and adds the truest ornament to all its virtues and graces, by mingling in the turmoil of political strife, or in the varied scenes of the court-room, or even by arrogating to themselves the station of spiritual teachers.

As a physician, perfectly educated in every necessary branch of science, and administering particularly to her own sex, I would like to see any woman who was not the mother of a family which claimed her undivided attention. I consider her gentle and affectionate nature peculiarly adapted to the kindly ministrations of the sick-room, and calculated to inspire that confidence necessary to be entertained toward a medical adviser. Yet it seems to me, that the duties of a mother should be paramount to all others, and that in their exercise lies woman's true sphere of effort. And then she has duties as a wife, which should be rightly performed; not as man's abject slave, but as his co-laborer in the holy task of preparing for future usefulness the "heirs of immortality" intrusted to their charge. While he, the father, seeks in rude collision with the jarring elements of outer life, the means whereby these children shall be clothed, fed and educated, let the mother's hallowed influence be continually felt in the home circle; let her labor cheerfully and unflinchingly, with head and with brain, for their benefit; let every power, both mental and physical, be cultivated for their assistance and furtherance in the attainment of knowledge, human and spiritual; and then, if they claim not all her attention, I object not to the lucubrations of her pen appearing in public prints, or to the exercise of her powers in any way that can produce good to the race. With those who have no ties of family to make home their peculiar sphere, the case is different. Yet even they had better stay away from the polls, and refrain from the practice of the learned professions, unless they would unsex themselves.

Such is my opinion, and I give it frankly, though it may be of little worth. I am, and ever shall be, however, a firm and unflinching advocate for "Woman's Rights"—in property, educational privileges, and in the acknowledgement of her intellectual equality as far as her physical inferiority will allow. But till her physical training shall render her man's equal in bodily strength, and till she can cast aside the knowledge of good and evil (or forget it, which God grant may never be the case) which mother Eve, the first of our sex who meddled with things denied to her, earned so bitterly, I trust she will never become man's competitor in the prizes of political warfare, or occupy promiscuously with him the learned professions. It has been contended that the tone of general society would become more refined were woman's so-called rights extended to her. Yet it seems to me that those who reason thus look only to one side of the subject.

possible that the female character would, very much, of its beautiful delicacy, be impaired, by mingling too familiarly with the coarser elements of man's nature, in her daily intercourse with him as a competitor for office and preferment in public life! It seems to me, and who can deny it. It is true woman exerts a softening and refining influence on man's rugged nature. But as she lost delicacy and refinement in collision with the world, so would she lose that influence.

Yet even now, in the present state of affairs, she can exert an immense influence for good, publicly. She can, without outstepping the limits of delicacy, identify herself with most, if not all, of the great efforts of the day for the emancipation of the race, and its enlightenment. She can labor actively in the Temperance reform, and in all the educational movements of the day. Oh! she can do much good, even if she cannot vote or hold office; and who shall say she is not far more useful and far more happy thus—and more, that she is not fulfilling her true mission? In the Temperance reform, especially, should she labor actively; for who is a greater sufferer than she from the deadly curse it wars against. And here let me say I quite agree with the opinion of Mrs. Swishelm quoted in your October number, in regard to woman's duty to a drunken husband. I think a husband's persistence in habits of intoxication which render him worse than a brute, as much absolves her from her nuptial obligations as would a continued breach of the seventh commandment, and should legally be considered as ground for divorce. No woman can love a drunkard any more than she could love a specimen of the porcine genus; and a marriage where there is no love, is no marriage.

Bye the bye, I see a flattering notice of our Festival of D. of T. in your last No., and of the Poem which I had the pleasure of presenting to the public at that time. It was hastily written amid other pressing avocations, and certainly without the expectation that it would elicit so much praise. There are two Unions of D. of T. in this city. The one of which I have the honor to be Presiding Sister, was only instituted last July, during the session of the Grand Union here. There are nearly 90 members of the Order here. We have also a Social Degree in the Temple of Honor, of which I am a member. I am glad to identify myself, and lend all the talent and influence God has given me, to the promotion of the cause of Temperance. I have myself suffered from the effects of Intemperance, and feel often as if my voice must continually call upon all my sisters to become laborers in the good cause. Would that the efforts which have commenced in the cause of Temperance, might never be relaxed till all who are now degraded and oppressed by the use or influence of Alcoholic drinks, might be freed from the deadly curse!—Till hope should gild the desolate homes and hearts of drunkards and their suffering families—till the bright beverage God prepared for the use of all his creatures, alone should quench the thirst, and heal the ailments of the degenerate sons of earth! Praying God to prosper you, my dear Mrs. Bloomer, in the good work you have undertaken, I am sincerely

Your friend and well-wisher,
MARY C. VAUGHAN.

We gladly welcome you to our columns Mrs. Vaughan, and hope we may be favored with frequent contributions from your pen.

You ask us to reply to your arguments, and from this we infer that you are not quite settled in your opinions, notwithstanding you talk so confidently. We shall leave it principally for others who are more clamorous for the right of suffrage than are we, to reply to your objections. We cannot see how women can be deprived of this right, on the principle that "without representa-

tion there shall be no taxation." If they are not capable, or are forbidden the right, of making laws, they should not be bound to obey, or be punished for breaking them. We believe they possess equal intellect, equal powers of self-government, and equal business capacities with man. These powers only require proper education to develop them. We believe they have the same wants, possess the same desires, and that their opinions are entitled to the same consideration as his. We see no good reason then, why she should be denied the right of suffrage. Your ideas in regard to its being *indelicate* for woman to have a voice in making wise and just laws, and your fears of the contaminating influence of the polls, is all *fol de rol!* It in no way affects the question of her right to self-government and self-protection.

But we will leave that part of the subject for future discussion, and proceed to make a few remarks, and ask you a few questions on a subject where your feelings can be more easily reached. You talk confidently of the good woman may do in the temperance cause. We agree with you that here is a field where she can do great good; and if every woman would do her whole duty in this matter, the blighting curse of intemperance would soon be removed from off the face of the earth. But we know that all do not discharge such duty. It is the ignorant and dissolute, or the aristocratic ones in high life, that now most frequently fall prey to the destroyer; it is they who sustain the miserable traffic. We who devote our lives to the glorious cause of temperance, can have no restraining influence over these.

We cannot reach them. Our appeals to rum-sellers to desist from their murderous work, and spare their unhappy victims, fall upon hearts of stone. Our petitions to Boards of Excise to save us from the legal prosecution of the damning traffic, are set at naught. Our prayers for protection at the hands of our Legislature are treated with scorn, and we are said to be out of our "sphere" in making them. We may talk, we may write, we may hold meetings and labor in various ways, yet the business goes on, and there are thousands and tens of thousands who will continue to drink, to their everlasting destruction. What then are we to do? How can we save those who will not save themselves, and whom we cannot reach by ordinary means? Have you no wish to do more than you can now do?—Does your heart never yearn for power that you may root out the thousands of pitfalls which are luring our youth onward in the drunkard's path, and consigning them in maturer years to the drunkard's hell? Do you not long for the privilege of signing death warrant of this accursed traffic, and bursting the fetters of untold thousands of miserable sufferers? Do you not long to restore peace and happiness to the sorrowing heart-broken myriads of your own sex, who are dragging out their weary lives in misery—doomed to such wretchedness by this insatiate destroyer?—Would you not, if you could, bid them arise from their degradation, and take their true position in society? Your heart responds a *yea*, and *amen* to these questions. Then tell us, would you sense of delicacy and refinement prevent your expressing your hatred of the liquor traffic thro-

the ballot-box, had you the privilege of doing so? If it would, then after all your labor in the cause—your belonging to this and that order, you are not more than half of what we call a good temperance woman. For years before the question of woman's rights was agitated, we longed for the privilege of voting on the license question. The only way we can do any real, permanent good to the community at large, is to prohibit the traffic; and we do not hesitate in saying, that were that question to be voted on again, and woman had the privilege of casting her ballot, no fear of ridicule, no false sense of delicacy, no shrinking from the contaminating influence which is said to surround the polls, would deter us from being there. Woman suffers greatly from the traffic, and her voice should be loud in demanding prohibition, and protection. If men will not grant her petitions, then she should demand her right to legislate for herself.

We cannot pursue this subject farther at this time, but may resume it again. Meanwhile we invite discussion on the subject. Our columns will be open to both sides.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—Reader ours, pray don't think that we dislike this paper because we have found one objectionable story in it. Aside from that story and the editor's illiberal views in regard to the rights of woman, we think it one of the best literary papers with which we are acquainted. It numbers among its contributors many of the ablest writers in the country, and is a most pleasant and instructive paper for the home circle. We would heartily commend it to the attention of those who desire an entertaining visitor to cheer the long evenings of the coming winter.

W. M. MURRELL, the well known London Sailor, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Lily.

Mr. M. is now travelling through the western part of this state lecturing on temperance. We bespeak for him full houses, well assured that those who hear him will not regret the time spent in listening.

We are glad to learn that there is a majority of 20,000 and upwards, against the repeal of the Free School Law. The principle of the law being thus triumphantly sustained, it should now be the first business of the legislature to improve and perfect it.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the "Sons" was held in Cato, on the 16th ult. A Bible was presented to the Division by the ladies, and a fine frame for their charter, by Miss CHARLOTTE COOK. We are glad to hear of the holding of such meetings, and hope they may become more frequent than they have been of late.

Three Lectures on Hygiene and Hydropathy, by ROLAND S. HOUGHTON, M. D., New York: Fowler & Wells.

We have received a copy of this neatly printed volume, but have not yet found time to read more than a few pages. We are interested in everything on the subject, and well pleased with this so far as read. Price 25 cents.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

JENNY LIND'S BIRD SONG.

The following are the words of Jenny Lind's Bird-song, composed for her by Tauvert:—

"Birdling! why sing in the forest wide!
Say, why! Say, why?
Call'st thou the Bridegroom or the Bride?
And why? And why?"
"I call no Bridegroom—call no Bride,
Although I sing in forest wide,—
Nor know why I am singing."

"Birdling! why is thy heart so blest?
Oh, say! Oh, say!"
Music o'erflowing from thy breast?
Oh, say! Oh, say!"
"My heart is full, and yet is light;
My heart is glad in day or night,
Nor know I why I'm singing."

"Birdling! why sing you all the day?
Oh, tell! Oh, tell!"
Do any listen to thy lay?
Oh, tell! Oh, tell!"
"I care not what my song may be;
Now this, now that,—I warble free,
Nor know, yet must be singing."

THE FATAL FALSEHOOD.

It was Sabbath morning. The bells of the village church pealed melodiously across the valley calling the rustic inhabitants to the worship of God. Here and there might be seen the aged and the young, dressed in their best attire. On the preceeding day a heavy fall of snow had covered the ground, and was succeeded by a severe frost. The air had consequently become cold, intensely cold. The sky was now clear; and the drifted snow, which lay congealed on the earth, glittered beautifully in the beams of the wintry sun.

In a neat and substantial cottage, situated at the farther end of the village, there lived a pious widow, with her two sons, Richard and Charles, the former about twelve years of age, and the latter ten. On this occasion, Mrs. W. (the name of the widow) was indisposed, and unable to attend divine service. "My dear children," said she, addressing her two boys, "I am too ill to go with you to church, this morning, but I wish you to go. Now let me beg of you to be very attentive to the sermon; and when the service is over, do not run about the village, for remember this is the Lord's day, but come quietly home."

To these requests the brothers promised to be obedient, and immediately left the cottage.

On their way to the church, however, they saw at a short distance from the roadside, a large pond, which had been frozen over, and on which several boys were sliding. The temptation was too strong for the thoughtless youth, and, regardless of the injunctions of their mother, they amused themselves on the ice, until they saw the congregation leaving the church and returning to their habitations.

"Church is over, Richard," said Charles; "we must go home, or mother will suspect us."
"No," replied Richard, "you shall remain here, while I go home; and immediately after dinner I will return with something for you to eat, and we can amuse ourselves all the afternoon."

"But mother will wonder where I am."

"O, leave that to me."

On seeing Richard enter the cottage alone, Mrs. W. eagerly enquired after Charles.

"Oh!" said Richard, "he is at aunt Bellamy's. She thought as the weather was so cold he had better dine at her house to-day, and he would not have so far to walk to church in the afternoon; and I am to call for him after dinner."

"It was very kind of your aunt; but I should have preferred his coming home."

Dinner was delayed rather later than usual

and Richard appeared restless, and betrayed by his motions a peculiar anxiety to be gone. When, however, he had at length finished his meal; he contrived, during the temporary absence of his mother, to put some provisions in his pocket for Charles; and on her re-appearance took up his hat to depart.

"Stop, Richard," cried Mrs. W., "it is not church time yet. Sit down my son, and read a chapter in the blessed Bible. You know it was your poor father's custom for many years; and on this occasion it will comfort me."

"But, mother, the bells are already chiming; I shall be too late for church."

"You know, Richard, the bells commence half an hour before the time of service. So take your seat at the table and begin."

Scarcely had he gone through half the chapter when an uncommon bustle was heard; and looking through the window, the poor woman observed a number of people bearing their course in the direction of the cottage.

"Heaven protect us!" exclaimed she, turning deadly pale; may no ill befall the fatherless and the widow!"

In a few minutes the crowd were assembled around the door, and two young men entered the cottage, bearing in their arms the inanimate body of Charles. The mournful truth was soon revealed. In sliding, he approached too near a part of the pond which was very deep, and the ice, not being so firm as in other parts, had broken away, and the unfortunate youth was precipitated into the water. Though several boys had witnessed the catastrophe, none of them had courage to venture near the fatal spot; but hastening to the village, they induced some young men to run to the spot and attempt his rescue. This, after considerable difficulty and delay, was at length effected.

At the sight of the body of her son, Mrs. W. sank swooning on the floor; and Richard who was the sole cause of the calamity, roared in the bitterness of his soul. In the meantime, medical aid was called in, and every effort was made to restore animation, but without effect. The spirit had already taken its flight into an eternal world.

In a few days the boy was attended to the grave by a large portion of the children of the peasantry, and committed to the dust amidst the tears and regrets of the companions of the deceased.

Many years have elapsed since these melancholy occurrences took place, and Mrs. W. has long since departed to that "bourne from which no traveler ever returns." But Richard still lives; and the recollection of that broken Sabbath, with its deeply afflictive events, his disobedience to his widowed mother, the falsehood by which he had deceived her, and which terminated so fatally to his young brother, like a spectre continues to haunt his imagination; while, in solitude and in society, this fearful exclamation, a thousand times has dropped from his faltering lips, "O that fatal falsehood!"

From the Friend of Youth.

DON'T PLAY WITH THE LAMPS.

Children often like to play with the fire and with the lamps. I have frequently seen them do it, and I have trembled at their danger. I will tell you a story about a little boy whose parents I know well, and you will see why I say to you, "Don't play with the lamps."

Willie H. was a small boy about three or four years old. He was tenderly loved by his parents and friends. He was an obedient and happy child, and although very young he loved his Savior. If he did wrong, he was never happy until he asked and obtained forgiveness. He would be sad, and sit sorrowfully upon the floor till his mother assured him she would forgive him, and then he could go merrily about his play.

Little Willie, however, good and conscientious as he was, sometimes forgot his mother's commands. Mrs. H. used camphine in her lamps instead of oil, and she had often told the children

they must not play with the lamps. Willie was accustomed to take a nap every day, and usually slept while his mother sat by his side. One day, Mrs. H. left Willie upon the sofa asleep. She supposed he would be there when she had finished her dinner, her darling entered the room. His clothes were shockingly burnt. His hair was crisped. He held up his little hands—the nails hung loosely from the fingers. Imagine the distress and anguish of those parents. Willie's father carried him up stairs, and gave him to his mother to take off his clothes. The suffering child looked in her face, and said, "will you forgive me, mother?" He remembered that he had disobeyed her, and his first thought was to ask her forgiveness.

When Mr. and Mrs. H. entered their chamber, they found the camphine lamp by the fire, and the lamp-filler blazing upon it. Willie had taken them from the closet while his parents were out of the room, and in some way his clothes had caught fire. On the wash-board and on the ever were the marks of three burnt fingers. He had poured water over himself to extinguish the fire. On the chair by the bed were the marks of those three fingers. On the pillows were fragments of his crisped hair, and the bed showed that he had tossed in agony from one place to another. He probably tried to lie down and go to sleep, as his mother had expected him to do. He got off the bed and went down stairs, leaving the marks of those three fingers on the doors, and on everything he touched. During all this time he did not utter a single cry, but bore his sufferings with most wonderful fortitude. He lived only a short time, but he exhibited the utmost patience. He never complained, and when he died, his friends felt that he had gone to be with Jesus.

Willie seldom did anything wrong, but one act of disobedience deprived him of life, and brought sadness and tears to his happy home.

How many of you, dear children, are always obedient to your parents? Remember they are wiser than you, and their directions are given in love, and for your good. Never dare to disobey them.

A. B.

A PERSIAN FABLE.—A young fox asked his father if he could not teach him some tricks to defeat the dogs, if he should fall in with them. The father had grown grey in a long life of depredation and danger, and his scars bore witness to his narrow escapes in the chase, or his less honorable encounters with the faithful guardians of the hen-roost. He replied, with a sigh, "After all my experience, I am forced to confess that the best trick is—to keep out of their way." Let all our young friends be cunning as foxes, wise as serpents, and harmless as doves, in keeping teetotally out of the way of their deadly foe—in intoxicating liquor.

DODGE, who purchased the first Jenny Lind ticket in Boston, cleared one thousand dollars by a recent concert in that city. His speculation does not prove as foolish as many supposed.

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